White

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by JustAnotherFanfictionWriter

Summary

> Will nodded into Hannibal's shoulder. He didn't want to let Hannibal go, but he did. He looked at the boy, smiling shyly. He wiped his eyes with his hand, taking the tissue Hannibal gave him. Will blew his nose carefully and stood up. He put the tissue in the waste basket. He turned, and was surprised by Hannibal hugging him tightly. He hugged Hannibal back, sighing softly. He made note of how the boy smelled him. Will took the moment to smell Hannibal, too. The boy smelled like flowers and blood. It was an oddly comforting combination. Hannibal relaxed the hug slightly, so Will could look at the teen.

Notes

> If you have not read the other two parts of the Hannibal Color Stories series, please go do that now! They are titled Red and Black respectively.
>
> White--White may be defined either as the absence of all color or the presence of all colors of the light spectrum, and can represent either innocence or the ultimate goal of purification. White is often the heavenly, while black is the underworld. It is light, air, life, holiness, love, redemption. The white flag is a symbol of surrender or friendship.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's eyes scanned the classroom as he stood nervously holding his bag. He swallowed quickly, shivering. He was terrified to enter the classroom fully. It was full of kids who weren't watching him, but he knew that the moment he walked in everyone would watch him. Will turned to leave, but was stopped by the teacher.

"What do you need?" The teacher asked him.

Will felt the eyes of the entire classroom on his back. Stiffening, he turned around. He winced at the teacher.

"Sorry, I was late to class. I didn't know when would be a good time to enter." Will half lied.

The teacher smiled, gesturing for him to come in. Will stood at the front of the class, his cheeks burning. He heard students whispering among themselves. Will figured it was about him.

"You are…?" The teacher asked him softly.

"Will Graham." Will replied softly.

"Ah. I thought we were one short today. Why were you late, Mr. Graham?" She asked loudly.

"I just moved here. I don't really know where anything is." Will replied.

He heard some snickers. Will's eyes dropped to his shoes. He felt ashamed of himself for being late, for having everyone watch him. With a wince, he watched as the teacher pointed to the last two open desks. One was in the front row, while the other was in the back. Will walked to the seat in the back, placing his stuff down. He just wanted to hide, but he felt like everyone was staring at him.

Will half-listened to the lecture. The literature teacher would drone on and on about the assigned reading, something he had no idea he had to do. Will watched the clock for a few minutes before he began to have a headache. He looked down at his desk again, beginning to doodle in his notebook.

"Hello." A boy with a slight accent said.

Will looked up. He couldn't place where the accent was from, but it wasn't *bad*. The boy smiled when Will looked up. He had lovely amber eyes. Will winced at him.

"I'll work with you, if you'd like." The boy said.

"Work with me?" Will asked.

The boy nodded. Will wasn't paying attention to the lecture enough, as he sat up and sighed.

“We’re supposed to be talking about the reading.” The boy said, pulling out the assigned book.

Will sat without one as the boy cocked his head. He looked like a dog, which made will smile a bit.

“You don’t have the book?” The boy asked.

“No. I didn’t know we needed it.” Will replied.

With a sigh, the boy shook his head. He stood up, walking up to the teacher. Will wanted to call out to him for him not to worry about it, but figured it was better not to draw any more attention to himself. He sat, waiting for the boy to return. After a few minutes he did, holding a copy of the book.

“What chapters have we read so far?” Will asked.

“Up to seven.” The boy replied.

“What’s your name?” Will asked.

The boy smiled. The smile seemed familiar yet…distant. He felt like he’d known the boy before.

“Hannibal.” The boy replied, “Hannibal Lecter.”

“I’m Will Graham, but you probably already knew that.” Will said, smiling slightly.

Hannibal only nodded, his smile fading quickly. He turned to the book, taking out a sheet of paper. The pair worked well together on the assignment, Hannibal doing most of the brainstorming while Will wrote half of the information down.

After class, Hannibal caught up to Will in the halls has he scanned his schedule.

“Need help?” Hannibal asked.

Will jumped at Hannibal’s sudden appearance, and nodded. He watched the boy as he took Will’s schedule, scanning it over.

“I wish I could say we had the same classes.” Hannibal sighed, “It would have been nice.”

“Thank you, but I—.” Will started.

He was silenced by Hannibal’s hand.

“Do you want to be late again?” Hannibal asked him.

Will shook his head quickly. He followed Hannibal as he turned on his heels. Will held his bag nervously, as he had not too long ago.

“Aren’t you scared of being late?” Will asked nervously.

Hannibal ignored him as they walked. Will was almost at Hannibal’s heels. If the boy was walking any slower, Will would be stepping on them. Hannibal stopped short, causing Will to bump into him softly. Will flushed, wincing as Hannibal handed his schedule back without noticing.

“Thanks.” Will said.

Hannibal nodded and disappeared down the hallway as Will stepped into his next class.

It had been a few months since Will had been in that school. He’d learned the layout of the school, but he still liked having Hannibal take him to his second class. He’d never tell the boy that he liked the boy. Will would flush at the thought.

Will didn’t consider himself gay under most circumstances. He didn’t *think* he was. His father would preach to him that he wasn’t when he talked about his feelings for Hannibal. He’d just left it at that. Will found it increasingly harder to talk to his father about what he felt, and his father seemed more distant each and every day. His father had even threatened getting him conversion therapy if he brought up Hannibal again, which definitely made Will stop.

Will bumped into Hannibal again today, wincing as the boy smiled at him.

“Distracted?” He asked.

Will nodded, sighing.

“Spring break is next week.” Hannibal said, “What do you have planned?”

“Why do you care?” Will asked, a bit defensively.

After a sigh, he scratched his head. Will winced at Hannibal, who only politely watched. Will felt embarrassed at how he’d been so defensive of late; he had to keep things secret at home, and it just bled into his school life.

“I’m going to an orientation with my dad.” Will admitted, “But that should only take up tomorrow.”

“Another one?” Hannibal asked, “I thought you’ve been to multiple by this point.”

“I have.” Will admitted, “But a kid goes missing from each one I go to. My dad doesn’t want me going there after that, in case I go missing.”

Hannibal squinted his eyes, but nodded. The boy turned and left. Will noted how strong Hannibal was, though he didn’t dress to show it.

Hannibal was covered in blood. It wasn't his, as his victim sat before him. A man he once knew, a man who had harmed him years ago. Will stood behind him, shaking. He hadn't made a sound, but knew he shouldn't. He couldn't. Hannibal turned around, spotting the boy.

"Will…" He mumbled.

Will took a few steps back, stumbling over a tree branch. He fell, watching the boy in fear. Hannibal sat a few paces in front of him, not too close but not too far.

"I won't hurt you." Hannibal said.

Will thought about running. He hesitated to, but didn't. The boy looked like he was telling the truth. Besides, Will was feeling faint. He sat down, breathing calmly.

"I wish you hadn't seen that. I'm sorry." Hannibal admitted.

"No more killing people." Will said sternly after recovering himself.

Hannibal watched him calmly, nodding. Will believed he wouldn't do it again, and allowed the boy to sit closer to him.

Will smiled at Hannibal after the memory passed. He'd sensed the honesty in his demeanor. Will was flattered by it. He headed into class, feeling warm inside.

Hannibal sat with Will in the forest—where Will had witnessed the aftermath of Hannibal's rage a couple of months ago—after school. They were side-by-side, Hannibal's shoulder was touching Will's. They sat in silence for the most part, enjoying the beauty in the forest while Winston—the stray Will fed—sniffed around.

"I'm worried about you." Hannibal mentions.

"Why?" Will asked.

"Boys like you are going missing. They're dying left and right. I don't want you to be next." Hannibal said.

"I won't be." Will said gently, "Besides I'll only be gone for a few hours."

Hannibal eyed Will nervously. Will gave him a smile, but it was more of a wince.

"What is your phone number?" Hannibal asked.

"Why?" Will asked, smiling, "You want to know where I am and where I've been?"

Hannibal blushed, pushing Will over. Will had taken note at how human Hannibal seemed when he was around Will. He'd blush, laugh, and smile. His eyes lit up. Around

others, he was closed off. He'd chuckle and his smiles seemed forced. Will didn't point it out to Hannibal.

Will smiled after a while of watching the boy fumble with his words.

"Here." Will said, holding out his hand.

Nervously, Hannibal handed over his phone. Will put his number into the device, handing it back to Hannibal. Will handed his phone over to Hannibal. Will smiled at him while he put his number in. The slight blush still lingered on his face. Hannibal handed Will's phone back to him, their fingers brushing against each other's. Will just smiled at the boy, sighing as he stared out into the forest.

"I want to ask you something." Hannibal said suddenly.

"Go ahead." Will replied.

"Do you think someone is stalking you?" He asked.

Will froze for a moment. He watched Hannibal, his brow creasing.

"Why would you think that?" Will asked.

"It would explain why boys like you go missing after you visit certain colleges." Hannibal explained, "It's almost like whoever is stalking you is trying to tell you to stay here."

Will looked away from Hannibal. He sat silently for a while. It would make sense.

"I…I don't know." Will said.

"Do you have anyone who has followed you around?" Hannibal asked.

"Other than my father, the postman that delivers to my house, my kind old lady neighbor, the man that delivers my father's boat parts, and a detective have followed me from city to city." Will said.

"A detective?" Hannibal asked.

"Yeah. Detective Smith." Will explained innocently, "I talk to him a lot about his job. I want to head into the FBI when I grow up, and since he's in it I figure…"

"Do you think he could be the reason those kids are dying?" Hannibal asked, "Detectives don't normally follow kids around."

Will hadn't thought of it in that sense before. He watched Hannibal nervously.

"You think he's doing this?" Will asked quietly.

"Yes." Hannibal replied.

Will watched Hannibal again.

“It could be someone else.” Will suggested.

“The old lady would have to be very strong, and the man who delivers your father’s boat parts probably doesn’t know you.” Hannibal said, “So that just leaves Detective Smith, the postman, or your father.”

“My father doesn’t talk to me. I don’t think he even likes me anymore.” Will said, “So I guess that rules him out. The postman and I don’t talk either, and I don’t think he even knows my name.”

Hannibal watched Will for a while before sighing.

“How do we stop a cop serial killer?” Will asked nervously, “Without killing him?”

“Killing him is the easiest solution.” Hannibal muttered.

Will shot Hannibal a glare. Hannibal shrugged, sighing. Will shook his head.

“We still have no solid evidence against him.” Will insisted, “And until we get that he’s only a suspect.”

Hannibal nodded. Will watched him. He couldn’t read the boy then, and he felt nervous about it.

“Right.” Hannibal said, rolling his eyes.

“Don’t.” Will said sternly, “We have no idea if he’s the real killer or not! We’re just speculating. It could be someone I don’t know who has been following me.”

Hannibal didn’t say anything. Will watched Hannibal, a concerned look plastered on his face. Will jumped when his father called. He answered the phone quickly.

“Hello?” Will asked.

“Where are you?” Will’s father asked over the phone.

“I’ll be there shortly. I was just hanging out with a friend.” Will said. He was vague on purpose.

“All right. Come home quickly, we have to leave soon.” Will’s father said.

“Fine. Bye.” Will mumbled.

He hung up his end, sighing.

“You have to go then?” Hannibal asked. Will nodded.

“I’ll look into the detective’s movements while you’re gone.” Hannibal suggested, “If he moves I’ll contact you.”

“Thank you, Hannibal.” Will said, smiling.

“I would feel safer if you came to my home.” Hannibal said, “Would you spend the night tomorrow?”

Will watched Hannibal curiously. He nodded slowly, smiling softly. Hannibal stood up, brushing the dirt off of his pants. He offered a hand to Will, who took it gratefully. Will was very close to Hannibal when he stood up. Will blushed slightly, taking a step back. Will gave Hannibal a parting smile.

“We’ll meet here tomorrow?” Will asked.

“Of course.” Hannibal said, giving a fake bow, “I’ll report my findings then too.

Will walked towards his home, and eyed Hannibal as he headed towards his own. Will wanted to ditch his father and join Hannibal tonight, but he knew he had to go. Will walked, thinking about what he could have said or done with Hannibal before they parted. He watched his father when the car came into sight, sighing softly. He silently got in the passenger side, ignoring his father completely. He buckled his seatbelt and eyed his phone.

“Ready?” Will’s father asked after getting in.

“I guess.” Will mumbled in reply.

Hannibal took the stakeout seriously. He found where the detective worked, and casually followed the man home. He didn’t seem to notice that Will had left. Hannibal sat out there almost the entire night before Will texted.

I got home safely. What happened?

Nothing. Hannibal texted in reply, *Nothing happened at all. He was just at home all damn night.*

That’s not good.

We’ll talk tomorrow.

Yeah…I hope everything is okay :/

Goodnight, Will.

Hannibal almost sent that he loved Will after he texted, but he caught himself. He blushed softly and sighed. He headed home.

Will noticed that Hannibal's home was lovely the next day, when he was invited over. Will found himself entranced by the boy's aunt and uncle. The two of them were kind and sweet, yet had a different air about them. He admired their home as well, and found himself looking at some of the fine china that was near the living room. He froze when he heard the report.

"Another young teen, age nineteen, disappeared last night from his college dorm. Authorities are not commenting farther, but are asking for the public's cooperation." The reporter said.

Will turned around and headed to the sofa, watching the television.

"Nathaniel Roberts was last seen heading to his dorm at around midnight last night. If you know any more information, you are asked to call police."

The boy that was shown had bright blue eyes and curly brown hair. He had a wide smile, and looked full of life. Will felt sick. He headed to the nearby loveseat and sat down. He felt the eyes of the Lecter family on him. Will wanted to disappear then. He cursed his brown curly hair and bright blue eyes, wishing he looked remotely different. Will felt Hannibal place his hand on the boy's back. Will looked up, sighing. Hannibal excused them from the room and guided Will upstairs, to Hannibal's room. Will sat on the cot he was provided for the night, sighing. He rubbed his head, listening as the door closed.

"What's wrong?" Hannibal asked.

Will didn't want to answer. Hannibal approached him. Will opened his eyes when he heard Hannibal in front of him. Will felt awkward with Hannibal looking up to him. Will sighed again, shaking his head.

"Do you blame yourself?" Hannibal asked gently.

Will couldn't meet the boy's eyes. He stared at the sheets. He felt his eyes watering. Will didn't want to cry in front of Hannibal, but it was his fault. He was the reason that these kids were going missing, and dying. Hannibal gently grabbed Will's chin. He lifted the boy's head, sighing when he saw Will. He pulled Will into a tight hug.

"You are not to blame for this. Your stalker is." Hannibal said gently.

"I was the one that got a stalker in the first place." Will blurted out, "It's my fault. If I hadn't attracted one this never would have happened."

Hannibal shushed him as he stroked the other's hair. Will had broken down crying, burying his face into the other's shoulder. He allowed Hannibal to gently sway back and forth, helping him calm down as best as he could.

After a few minutes Will's sobbing decreased. He was shaking slightly, but Hannibal felt he was ready to be freed from the hug. Hannibal gently let Will go, but Will didn't let him go.

“It’s my fault.” He mumbled.

“Is it a murder victim’s fault that they are killed?” Hannibal asked.

“No.” Will replied.

“Then why is it your fault for a stalker following you?” Hannibal asked, “Whoever is following you is doing it without your control or say in the matter. It can’t be your fault.”

Will nodded into Hannibal’s shoulder. He didn’t want to let Hannibal go, but he did. He looked at the boy, smiling shyly. He wiped his eyes with his hand, taking the tissue Hannibal gave him. Will blew his nose carefully and stood up. He put the tissue in the waste basket. He turned, and was surprised by Hannibal hugging him tightly. He hugged Hannibal back, sighing softly. He made note of how the boy smelled him. Will took the moment to smell Hannibal, too. The boy smelled like flowers and blood. It was an oddly comforting combination. Hannibal relaxed the hug slightly, so Will could look at the teen.

“Thank you for letting me stay here.” Will said, pecking Hannibal on the lips.

He blushed as he pulled back, watching Hannibal. The boy only gave a toothy grin. Hannibal kissed Will, pulling the boy close again. The kiss was slow and gentle. Will was mesmerized by the boy’s lips, focusing on the way they danced over his own. He hadn’t realized how his hands had tangled themselves in his hair, and how passionate they got in a relatively short amount of time. He only noticed when he’d moaned out loud, and when the pair had moved against a wall. Will broke the kiss, trembling and blushing. He panted slightly, watching Hannibal. His hormones were telling him to continue, but he knew he wasn’t ready to. Hannibal read his demeanor, smiling softly. He picked Will up and carried him to the cot, cuddling up next to him.

“Thank you.” Will repeated, resting his head on Hannibal’s chest.

“I l…” Hannibal started.

Will watched him, and noticed how he struggled with the word. Will only smiled, pecking the boy’s jawline.

“If you’re not ready, you don’t have to say it.” Will said, “I already know.”

Hannibal smiled, pecking Will’s forehead.

Outside, Mr. Graham had witnessed the entire thing. He saw how the Lecter child poisoned his son. There was no saving Will then. Mr. Graham climbed down from the tree, putting his hands in his pockets. Will needed to be taken care of, and soon.

End Notes

Ah! I'm sorry to have split up this story into two parts. I would have loved having this in one, but it was getting very long. I would rather have two parts than one REALLY LONG part. Besides, I found a good part to split it up at. This was inspired by a role play that I am taking part of.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!